Vol. 1
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THE
Rush-Light.

15th FEB. 1800.

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BY PETER PORCUPINE.

William Cobbett

NEW YOKK:
Published by WILLIAM COBBETT, No. 141, Water-Street, where all Communications to the Editor are requested to be addressed, *post paid*.

2d ret.

E321
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Office

THE *Rush-Light.*

15th FEB. 1800.

BEING THE FIRST NUMBER OF VOLUME I.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN I determined to discontinue the publication of *Porcupine's Gazette*, I intended to remain, for the future, if not an unconcerned, at least, a silent spectator of public transactions and political events; but, the unexpected and sweeping result of a law suit, since decided against me, has induced me to abandon my lounging intention. The suit, to which I allude, was an action of slander, commenced against me in the Autumn of 1797, by Doctor Benjamin Rush, the noted bleeding physician of Philadelphia; it was tried on the 14th of December last, when "the "upright, enlightened, and impartial republi- "can jury" assessed, as damages, *five thousand dollars*; a sum surpassing the aggregate amount of all the damages, assessed for all the torts of this kind, ever sued for in these States, from their first settlement to the present day. To the five thousand dollars must be added, the costs of

suit, the loss incurred by the interruption in collecting debts in Pennsylvania, and by the sacrifice of property taken in execution, and sold by the sheriff at public auction in Philadelphia, where a great number of books in sheets (among which was a part of the new edition of Porcupine's Works) were sold, or rather given away, as waste paper; so that, the total of what has been, and will be, wrested from me by Rush, will fall little short of *eight thousand dollars*.

To say that I do not feel this stroke, and very sensibly too, would be great affectation; but, to repine at it would be folly, and to sink under it would be cowardice. I knew an Englishman in the Royal Province of New Brunswick, who had a very valuable house, which was, I believe, at that time, nearly his all, burnt to the ground. He was out of town when the fire broke out, and happened to come home just after it had exhausted itself. Every one, knowing how hard he had earned the property, expected to see him bitterly bewail its loss. He came very leisurely up to the spot, stood about five minutes looking steadily at the rubbish, and then, stripping off his coat, "*here goes*," said he, "*to earn another!*" and immediately went to work, raking the spikes and bits of iron out of the ashes. This noble spirited man I have the honour to call my friend, and if ever this page should meet his eye, he will have the satisfaction to see, that, should it be impossible for me to follow, I, at least, remember his example.

In the future exertions of my industry, however, pecuniary emolument will be, as it always has been with me, an object of only secondary consideration. Recent incidents, amongst which I reckon the unprecedented proceedings against me at Philadelphia, have imposed on me the discharge of a duty, which I owe to my own country as well as this, and the sooner I begin the sooner I shall have done.

On Monday, the 24th instant, therefore, I shall publish the first number of *a periodical work*, which, as it is intended to assist the publick view, in the inspecting of various tenebrious objects, will be called, and not, I presume, improperly, a *Light;* and, as the appearance of this light must be attributed wholly to the Philadelphian phlebotomist, gratitude will sanction the propriety of prefixing to it the name of *Rush*. Thus, while the great literary luminaries of this enlightened nation emit their effulgence through vehicles which they most significantly term the *Aurora*, the *Star*, the *Constellation*, the *Comet*, or the *Sun*, I am content that my glimmering efforts should steal forth under the appellation of the

Rush-Light.

I must, nevertheless, do myself the justice to assure the publick, that, with the Rush-Light in his hand, any one (if the poor soul be not stone blind)

blind) will be able to see a good many very pretty things, which, notwithstanding the splendor of the grand luminaries above mentioned, would, without the aid of my little taper, remain hidden from him all the days of his life.

RUSH AND HIS SUPPORTERS.

IF *Variety* have all the charms that it is said to possess, I am afraid that the life I lead must excite no small degree of envy; for, of all the mortals occupied in the use of the pen, surely no one ever treated of subjects so various and so opposite in their natures. Yesterday I finished the History of *the Italian Campaign;* to-day, I am beginning that of *Rush and his supporters.* When I contemplate on this transition; when I view myself descending from the glorious deeds of the princely Suworow, to record the low tricks of an ignoble herd of Philadelphians, I remind myself of Swift's indiscriminating fly, which, after having sipped the nectar from the rose and the carnation, "drops down and finishes its meal upon an ex-"crement."

I must, however, declare, that, neither fickleness, a want of discrimination, nor a propensity to dabble in filth, has produced this disagreeable change in my labours. The loathsome subject, now before me, is not taken up, from choice, but from a sense of duty. I am actuated by neither malice nor revenge; but, in holding up, in their true light, the

the *Rushes*, the *Hopkinsons*, the *Meases*, and the rest of the tribe, I look upon myself as acting in the capacity of a public executioner, who, while he performs the dreadful behests of justice, secretly bewails the ignominious fate of the sufferer.

SUCH are the sentiments under which I have resolved to expose the conduct of Rush, and that of the Witnessess, the Lawyers, the Judges, and the Jury, concerned in the cause lately decided against me at Philadelphia. Were my design to defend my own character, or to blast forever that of my enemies, a few pages might suffice; but, my views are less selfish, and extend to far greater utility. This cause, in its commencement, its progress, and its result, furnishes a series of facts, of which, justice to the rest of America, justice to foreign nations, and particularly to the deceived and infatuated in my native country, demand an ample exposure. The undertaking, is, besides, called for by the insidious attempts of Rush and his "fellow citizens." They have published a "*report*" of the trial, not badly calculated to justify themselves and to deceive the world. They call it an *important* trial, and I shall certainly endeavour to make it so in its effects, to which end I shall go into as full a discussion of the several parts of the subject as the little time, which I am necessarily confined to, will admit of, arranging my matter under the following heads: 1. A sketch of Rush's birth, and his moral and literary character; 2. An account of his practice and of my inducements to attack it, with a defence of the publications

lications for which I was sued; 3. Remarks on the base insinuations of Rush's lawyers against the British government, with a narrative of the juridical proceedings, a comparison between the severity dealt to me and the lenity shown to printers who are not *British subjects*, or who profess *no allegiance to the King of Great Britain*, and an account of the *redress I have met with* from the laws of Pennsylvania.

Birth and Character of Rush.

HAD Rush's pleaders confined themselves to the only subject that ought to have been submitted to the deliberations of the jury; had they not, in numerous instances, gone out of their way to extol the *family* and *character* of their client and to traduce and vilify mine; had they not held him up as an "*Hippocrates*" and a "*saving angel*," while they represented me as a "*wretch cast up from the very dregs and slime of the community, that ought to have rotted in obscurity;*" had they not thus insolently (and I may add foolishly) provoked an inquiry, the family and character of Rush would have remained, with me, objects of as perfect insignificance as is the poverty-bred plant, the name of which he bears, and the worthlessness of which is proverbial.

No herald, reader, proclaimed the birth of the Pennsylvanian "*Hippocrates*." The "*saving angel*" was born (and, I believe, in the usual way) in the city of Philadelphia. His father, honest

John,

John, was, I am sorry to say it, of English extraction, and was, by calling, a Blacksmith. Of his mother (who had another son, and two daughters) I have heard nothing, except that she kept a huckster's shop, or stall, and was a very kind and pious Presbyterian, who, recollecting, I suppose, the Apostle's remark respecting the salubrity of wine to the stomach, occasionally administered to the comfort of her fellow creatures by retailing drams. The reader will, I dare say, gladly excuse me from going any further back in the pedigree; but I cannot dismiss the subject without observing, that the Doctor was not *quite* just to his family, when he was "ready to say, and almost *without a* "*figure*, to *corruption* thou art my *father*, and to "the *worm*, thou art my *mother* and my *sister*.*"

HAVING long ago given, and not without some pride, an account of my own humble origin, it cannot be supposed, that I have turned Biographer to the Doctor for the sake of degrading his character. In fact, these family memoirs were furnished me by a great admirer of Rush, the late Doctor Capel of Wilmington, who produced them as clear proofs of his friend's native genius and indefatigable application; and while I leave undisputed the justness of Capel's conclusion, I only beg leave to remark, that the parentage of

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* See a work by Rush, entitled a *narrative* of the state of the author's *body* and *mind*, during the Yellow Fever of 1793, which work, if the reader has an inclination to see a specimen of the most disgusting egotism that ever soiled paper, I would recommend him to purchase.

of Rush (without saying a word about "*corruption* and the "*worm*" "almost *without a figure*") was not extremely well calculated for sending him into the world with that independence of mind, which, among persons of low birth, is certainly the best foundation whereon to raise a character, conspicuous for sincerity, candour, integrity, and magnanimity.

Rush is remarkable for insinuating manners, and for that smoothness and softness of tongue, which the mock-quality call *politeness*, but which the profane vulgar call *blarny*. To see and hear him, you would think he was all friendship and humanity. He shakes hands with all he meets; every one is his *dear friend*, all the people his *dear fellow citizens*, and all the creation his *dear fellow creatures*. The lamp of his philanthropy is constantly burning, and it burns with equal brightness, whether whites, yellows or blacks are the objects of his affection. He certainly is not the first moralist, who has observed, that bluntness is no recommendation with the rich; but, he is (as far as I know at least) the first physician that ever thought of making a propensity to be praised, in the patient, conducive to the aid of his medicines. One of his pupils told me, that his preceptor prided himself much upon this discovery. "Give your patients," used he to say, "a good *strong dose of praise*, to compose their "minds; for, without that, you may as well hope "to succeed, as Miss Willing may hope to get "to Heaven by listening to the organs of St. "Paul's Church."

If making fair weather with men of all religions and all parties be a proof of merit, I know of no person so meritorious as Rush. He has, alternately, appeared to be a *Presbyterian*, a *Quaker*, an *Episcopalian*, and a *Methodist*. He is intimate with all the Clergy, from *Bishop* White down to the Black *Bishop!* I have often admired the ingenuity, with which, in his account of the Yellow Fever of 1793, he pays his court, at one and the same time, to people of all sects, ranks, and colours. There is one sentence, in particular, of this work, for which he deserves to be immortalized. He is speaking about the opinion that prevailed respecting the danger of congregations meeting on *Sundays*, and knowing the Quakers to have a whimsical objection to the name, by which Christians in general call that day of the week, he makes a fair compromise betwixt them and the other sects, and, in the very same sentence, calls it *Sunday* and *First-day!*

"He distributes his liquors all palates to please;
"To some gives the wine, and to others the lees,
"And lest that his customers quarrel and box,
"Gives the wine to the *Pope*, and the lees to *George Fox*."

But the most striking proof of his talent at "composing the mind;" as he calls it, is, his prevailing on *Mr. Adams* to give him that lucrative sinecure the *treasurership of the mint*, while it was well known, that he was the intimate of *Jefferson*, and that he was amongst the few *trusty friends*, mentioned to Logan, in the memorable correspondence, which Munro, from motives of

 prudence

prudence, carried on under the signature of a *Young man at Paris.*

SOME persons have, however, notwithstanding this pleasing talent in the Doctor, ventured to call his *sincerity* in question. *Mr. Smyth*, a British officer, who, though a prisoner of war, was most inhumanly treated in the prison of the philanthropick city of Philadelphia, tells us that, during his imprisonment, he was visited by *Doctor Benjamin Rush*, who, it would seem, was then a member of Congress. He says that this Rush flattered him with the hope of an exchange or parole, and gave him *strong "assurances of very great regard and commisseration;"* but, he tells us, in the same page, that this Dr. Rush was in nothing so eminent as in "UNFULFILLED POSSESSIONS."*

As

* SMYTH'S TOUR in the the U. States, vol. 2. p. 296. If this be a *libel* I beg the dram-seller's son to go and sue the Philadelphia Library company; for, it was from their collection that I got the book, out of which the quotations are made.---Apropos: --This book, when I saw it, exhibited a complete specimen of *Philadelphian liberality and good breeding*. It may be readily supposed, that Mr. Smyth has divulged some bitter truths; these, as they have passed through the hands of the readers, have called forth all that malice, that sneaking cowardly revenge, for which the Philadelphians are so famous. Each reader seemed to me to have sitten with a *pen* in his hand: the work was disfigured from one end to the other. In some places words were effaced, in others sentences, and in others whole paragraphs. Where the offensive matter was not obliterated, it was commented on, in the margin, in language the most abusive and obscene, and expressive of sentiments the most detestable. Whenever the name of the King was made use of, the word *King* was effaced, and

tyrant

As to the Doctor's *mildness* and *candour*, so boldly insisted on by his pleaders, and so *complaisantly* assented to by my good *Mr. Harper*, a few facts, fresh in the memory of every Philadelphian, will afford a most satisfactory illustration.

RUSH called *Doctor Wistar* an *assassin*, because Wistar denied the virtue of his grand specific, the *mercurial purges*. I have this fact from *Doctor Glentworth*, a native Philadelphian, a staunch republican, in the best sense of the word

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tyrant written over it. The names of his Majesty's faithful subjects were made to give place to *traitor*, *rebel*, *miscreant*, &c. &c. The author was frequently called a *scoundrel* and a *liar*, and, sometimes, a "*damned liar*," at full length; and, when mention was made of the barbarous treatment of a royalist, the comment generally was, "*it is pity they had not used him worse.*" Nay, the description of sufferings enough to soften the heart of a tyger, even the very pangs of the dying, drew forth from the Philanthropick Philadelphian readers, the comments of, "*bravo!*" or of, "*ah! a, a, a, a, a, a, a!*"

TALK of the *French* indeed! I defy any one to produce me, even from the annals of the grande republique, a proof of blackness of heart equal to that which I have here pourtrayed. The patriots of Republican France have waded in blood; but they have, at the same time, shown, that they can venture their own lives; whereas the Philadelphian commentators discover that sort of cowardly cruelty which would lead to the cutting of the throat of an infant sleeping in its cradle.

NOR were these comments the work of the *Swinish Multitude*. It is well known, that the poor sovereign people seldom sets his eyes on any book belonging to the Philadelphian Library; but, be that as it may, I aver, that all the comments, of which I have spoken above, appeared to be written by men of some learning. I observed but very

word, and a very candid, honest and brave man. Doctor Glentworth told me, besides (and he will tell the same to any one), that Rush attended him in the yellow fever of 1793; that he bled him till he was extremely weak, and ordered *several other bleedings* which Glentworth's knowledge made him omit, without, however, telling Rush of the omission; that he came one day, and finding his patient sitting up in the bed, ran to him, squeezed him by the hand, called him his "*dear* Glentworth," and congratulated him on the salutary effects of his bleeding system; "but," said he, "my *dear* friend, you must lose a little "MORE BLOOD."—"Lose *more blood!*" replied Glentworth, "when I am so faint I can hardly support myself!"—Upon this, Rush started from the bed-side, caught up his hat, called his "*dear* friend" an *assassin*, told him he was leagued with Wistar to ruin his reputation, and ran down stairs bawling out: "you're a dead "man! you're a dead man! you'll be buried "before to-morrow night!"

THERE was an instance of *mildness*, *candour*, and *humanity!* Doctor Glentworth did, however, disappoint him. He recovered his health, without

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very few grammatical errors, and the hand writing no where bore the appearance of vulgarity.

To judge of the disposition, and manners of the "*well-born*" amongst the Philadelphians there cannot, I think, be found a surer standard than the comments on Smyth; and, if what I have stated be false, or incorrect, the librarian has it in his power to contradict me. 'Till he does it, and circumstantially too, the philanthropick city may depend on it I shall be believed.

out losing more blood, and lived to laugh very heartily at the charitable predictions of the *Pennsylvanian* " *Hippocrates.*"*

RUSH, in his account of the Yellow Fever of 1793, accuses *Doctors Khun, Stevens,* and others, of having " *slain more than the sword,*" merely because they rejected his practice. Nor does he, when speaking of his opponents, confine his charges to their *practice;* but in the excess of his *mildness* and *candour*, attacks their *motives.* He says, that " it requires an uncommon portion " of charity, to ascribe their conduct to *hu-* " *mane and benevolent motives;*" which is, to say the least of it, a very broad insinuation, that they were actuated by motives both *selfish* and *cruel.* This is the *inoffensive* candid gentleman, who, Ingersol told the jury, treated his brethren with *respect* and *tenderness!*

So intolerant was he, and is yet, towards those who would not, or will not, acknowledge the infallibility of his system of bleeding and mercurial purges, that he has, since 1793, refused to consult with any physician who has not been weak enough to adopt his practice. Mr. Chancellor having called him in to consult with Doctor Hodge, he told Chancellor that he had better dismiss

* I HAVE made use of Doctor Glentworth's *name*, because I know that he fears not the whole tribe of the Rushes together; and because I know also, that, however he may dislike my Royalist politicks, he is a friend to *truth* and *justice*, and will not, therefore, be offended at being called forth in their cause.

dismiss Hodge, for that he was a bark-and-wine Doctor, and would do his patient more harm than good; and yet this same fellow had afterwards the impudence to threaten to prosecute Doctor Hodge for telling Doctor *Way* (while Rush attended him), that he thought he might recover *without more bleeding!* Rush, in his acccount of the yellow fever of 1793, attempts to justify his conduct in refusing to consult with any physician, except those of his own school, on the ground of the *disagreement in opinion;* but, what a senseless excuse! If the opinions of all physicians were settled, and were all the same, there could be no use in calling a consultation. In fact, this was no more than a miserable apology for the most insolent pretension to superiority ever set up by mortal man.*

In the face, however, of these notorious facts, the counsellors of Rush, kept up an incessant bawling

* On the score of *consultation* he is said to have received a most flattering rappartee from *Doctor Khun.* Rush had attended a gentleman for some time, when the patient, finding himself grow worse under the infallible remedies, proposed the calling in of another physician. "With all my heart, my *dear friend,* said Rush;" upon which the gentleman named Doctor Khun. "No," replied the modest son of Mercury, "I will never consult with Khun!" This insolence was repelled in a proper manner. "If you will "not attend with Doctor Khun," said the gentleman, "*he must attend without you,* that is all." A few days afterward Rush, seeing Khun going to his old patient, called out to him: "He is out of danger already; I defy you to kill him! "I defy you to kill him!"---"Why" replied Khun, "after "his passing through *your hands,* he may, indeed, safely "set death at defiance."

bawling about the *mildness* and *amiableness* of the Doctor's Disposition. " From my soul," said Hopkinson, " I believe him to be amongst the most *unoffending* and *benevolent* of mankind." Ingersol called him a " saving *Angel.*" And to all this fulsome, this beastly hyperbole, my counsel, Mr. Harper, cried *Amen!* Hopkinson towards the close of a dozen pages of lies, nonsense and bombast, gave the tender hearted jury a most pitious picture of the distress produced in Rush's family, by my publications against the " *immaculate* father." He throws the wife into the hystericks, makes "a deep wound in her—heart, and " tears, with remorseless rage, all the *fine fibers* " and *delicate sympathies* of *conjugal love.*" From the mother, whom I never mentioned in my life till now, he comes to the children, "of *nice feeling* and *generous sensibility;*" The daughters he, of course, sets to weeping; " but manlier pas- " sions swell, agitate and enflame the breasts of " HIS SONS.—They burn, they burst with indig- " nation, rage, revenge, drive them headlong to " desperate deeds, accumulating woe on woe. " With difficulty the prudential advice, the parent- " al command of the father restrain their fury— " with difficulty they are prevented from taking " immediate vengeance on their cruel oppressor— " *Be patient my children, said he, I am deeply in-* " *jured, but the laws of my country offer me jus-* " *tice, and point out the road to redress. It is tar-* " *dy, but it is certain and ample. Delay may be* " *painful to you, but the duties of a good citizen* " *require it.*" This suit, then, Gentlemen, and " the hope of the justice that *you* will administer,

" may

" may have been the guardian angel of the defen-
" dant.

No Philadelphian could be duped by this miserable ranting fiction; but, it would certainly lead a stranger to suppose, that Rush was the most gentle of human beings, and that he actually restrained those young lions, *his sons*, from avenging his wrongs by chastising me. But unfortunately for the reputation of the Rushes, their affair with *Doctor Ross*, which happened a few days after the actions against Mr. Fenno and me were commenced, will clearly mark the character of this " *immaculate* father," and of these " *manly*" these "*generous*," these " *nice-feeling* " sons, and will effectually preclude the necessity of any future eulogiums by Hopkinson and Harper.

An article appeared in Mr. Fenno's paper, Signed "*A member of the College of Physicians*," giving an account of Rush's pretty tricks during the Yellow Fever of 1793. This article produced a great deal of fun amongst the people, and a great deal of anger amongst the Rushites. It was written by Doctor Hodge, or Doctor Currie, I have forgotten which; but Rush suspected, as the author, Dr. Ross, a Scotch physician of great learning, and considerable eminence in his profession. Vengeance! vengeance! therefore, resounded against Ross, who was immediately attacked in print, with unparalleled brutality, by a subaltern Rushite, named Caldwell. The vile news-paper of Rush's friend Bradford was the vehicle of this diabolical attack. *Here*, indeed

deed, was a LIBEL! Not only the professional practice and opinions; not only the political sentiments, the national partialities; not only the private character, the manners, and the dress, but the domestic oddities and even the *pecuniary circumstances* of Doctor Ross, were, successively, the theme of this shameless slanderer: nay, the base Rushite did not stop there, Ross's *old age* and even his *bodily infirmities* this wretch made a subject of *ridicule!*

THE article in Fenno's paper for the writing of which this infamous libel was intended as a punishment, contained not a single falshood, nothing that could be called personal, nothing abusive, indecent or uncandid. Besides, Ross was totally innocent of the matter; he knew nothing of the origin of the publication. And even if he had, if he had been *known*, instead of being merely *suspected*, to be the author, and if the matter of the publication had been false and abusive, instead of being, as it was, both true and decent, most assuredly the attack on him in Bradford's paper would have been a retaliation more than saisfactory. But, that attack, false, malignant, brutal and inhuman as it was, did not satisfy the "*unoffending*," the "*benevolent*," the "*immaculate*," the "*angelic*" Rush, and his "*generous and nice feeling* sons."

ONE of these "*generous*" gentlemen, *John Rush*, wrote Doctor Ross the following very impertinent note:

"*Oct.* 16, 1797."

"Sir,

"As you are *universally* believed to be the "author of the publication against my father, Dr. "Rush, in Mr. Fenno's paper of the 6th inst. I take "this method of *demanding*, whether you are, or "are not the author of the said publication. Your "silence on the subject will be considered as an "acknowledgment of your *guilt*.

"I am, &c.

"JOHN RUSH."

Ross returned the note by the bearer, telling him "*that he knew nothing of Mr. Rush or of his father.*" When we consider the insolence of the note, the *demand* of an answer, and the broad imputation of "*guilt*," and take into view the vast difference in the age and character of the parties, this conduct, on the part of Doctor Ross must be deemed a mark of great *moderation*, not to say *tameness*. But, an indication of this sort was so far from assuaging the wrath, or cooling the courage of the boiling, "*nice-feeling*" youth, that it added to his anger and his resolution, he accordingly wrote Ross another note in the following words.

"*Oct.* 17, 1797."

"Sir,

"I once more *demand* an *unequivocal answer* "whether you are, or not, the author of the pub- "lication against my father, alluded to in my note

"of

" of yesterday. My friend Dr. Bullus will wait " for a decisive answer.

" I am, &c. &c.

" JOHN RUSH."

AFTER having read the contents of this second scrap of insolence, for which the author merited a horse-whip; Ross asked the bearer what the "*impertinent puppy*" kept teasing him for. He could not help, however, giving a fresh proof of his timidity by sending the "*impertinent puppy*" a written answer, which he did, as follows.

" Sir, " *Oct.* 17, 1797."

" I don't understand why you take the liber- " ty to call on me for any news-paper abuse you " or your father may have to complain of—*I* " *surely never did, nor do I ever intend to, write* " *any observations on any physician's conduct or* " *practice*, and sincerely regret the unworthy " conduct of both parties.

" ANDREW ROSS."

ONE would have thought, that this was humble enough to have satisfied a Bashaw; but, the " generous " John Rush, waxed, it seems, still more wrath. He knew before, that Ross was an *old man*, and that, from the effects of a stroke of the Sun received in the East Indies, *he was hardly capable of wielding a sword or even drawing a trigger*, yet the boiling, raging, fiery youth avoided any thing like a challenge; but, the moment he received the last note; the moment he was, as he thought,

thought, quite sure that Ross was *fearful* as well as aged and infirm, he became absolutely outrageous and ungovernable, and dared the tottering old man to mortal fray. The note of Ross contained an answer so complete; it so implicitly complied with the "*demand*" of Rush, and pleaded, not "*guilty*" my lord, in accents so tame and submissive, that the "generous" young man found great difficulty in framing an excuse for challenging him. The opportunity of *giving proof of his courage* was, however, too favourable, and *too safe*, to be let slip; he therefore sent Ross the following note.

"Sir, "*Oct.* 17, 1797."

"THE unpolite manner in which you treated "my note of this morning, and the epithet of "an "*impertinent puppy*" which you have ap- "plied to me, demand satisfaction. If you "refuse to give it to me, I shall consider you as "a scoundrel, and treat you accordingly.

"JOHN RUSH."

THIS note was put into the hands of Bullus, one of Rush's young doctors, as they are called. Bullus and the challenger watched the opportunity when Ross came along the street, went out and stopped him, and presented him the challenge. Ross read it, and repeated, as well he might, the appellation of "impertinent puppy;" upon which, the courageous Rush first struck him with his fist, and then beat him with a thick bludgeon cane, knocked off his hat, cut his face and

and head, and otherwise maimed him in a most shameful manner.

Ross concluded (with what reason the reader will judge), that this most inhuman assault had been perpetrated at the instigation of Old Rush, who was, however ten years younger than himself; and, in the first moments of his rage, sent the "*unoffending*" and "*benevolent*" Doctor the following challenge.

"17 *Oct.* 1797."

"Doctor Ross requests Dr. Rush to meet "him to-morrow morning in the Jersies with a "friend—Mr. Walker will let him know time "and place."

This note reached Rush in the evening. He well knew the sort of treat of which he was invited to partake, and the cause of the invitation; for the savage assault on Dr. Ross took place only a few yards from his own door. But the meek and benevolent Benjamin knew also, that Ross's note did not amount *quite to a challenge*, and, therefore, instead of going to the injured and enraged old man, and clearing himself of the charge of being the instigator of his son; instead of condemning the vile conduct of that son, or attempting to make him apologize for the outrage, he set himself very coolly and deliberately to work *to draw from Ross such expressions as would be good grounds for a prosecution.* Were Theophrastus and La Bruyère to raise from the dead, and to club their talents in drawing the character of Rush, they could not produce

duce it half so complete as it is exhibited in the following correspondence.

RUSH.

" Doctor Rush wishes to know for *what pur-*
" *pose* he is to meet Doctor Ross to-morrow
" morning in the Jersies."

ROSS.

" DOCTOR ROSS will let Doctor Rush know
" when they meet."

RUSH.

" DOCTOR Rush's time being much engaged
" at present he cannot consent to leave town,
" without knowing *the business* he is to go
" upon.

ROSS.

" THE sole purpose of meeting is to have
" *personal satisfaction* of Dr. Rush for the ruffian
" assault of his son this morning, of which he
" considers the Doctor as the sole instigator."

This was precisely what was wanted by Rush; it was an unequivocal challenge, and subjected the writer to a certain fine of *five hundred pounds*, one half of which would go into the pocket of the plaintiff. Having obtained his end, the benevolent

lent Rush thus put an end to the correspondence.

RUSH.

" Sir,

" I do not fear death, but I dare not offend " God by exposing myself, or a *fellow creature*, " to the chance of committing murder; I have " not injured you, and I freely forgive you all the " injuries you have attempted to do me.

" The treatment you received this morning " from my son, was not instigated directly by me. " *It was occasioned by your calling him an "impertinent puppy:" your note, without that insulting " language, would have satisfied him.*"

" Dr. Ross." " B. RUSH."

There you see him, reader! That is he! That's Rush in every lineament! This note, of three short sentences only, gives you a fair sample of his *bravery*, his *piety*, his *humanity*, his *christian meekness and charity*. Were I to quit the narrative here, however, you might suppose, that he took no further notice of the challenge; but, to leave such an impression on your mind would be doing great injustice to the character of my hero, and therefore, however hypocritical, however base and malignant his conduct may appear, I must tell you, that, this "*patient Martyr*", this most *unoffending* and *benevolent* of mankind," who, on the evening of the 17th, wrote to Ross that he *freely forgave him every thing*, commenced, the next morning, a criminal prosecution against him, procured

procured a warrant, had him seized, and actually took every measure *for sending him to jail.*

Doctor Ross did not associate with *Philadelphians,* and, *therefore,* he was not deserted by his friends in the hour of trouble. Several Gentlemen, into whose company Rush would, on no account, have been admitted, immediately came forward to give bail for Doctor Ross, and thus, the last effort of the *meek* Rush's " benevolence " was defeated. But, though his philanthropy was yet unsatisfied, it must be confessed that his triumph was much too complete. Ross was a man of learning and of wit; of the frivolous talents and opinions of the shallow Rush he had frequently expressed his contempt; this the " benevelent" man knew, for this he hated him, and that Ross was attacked by the son for this, is very clear, because the assault took place after it was known that he was not the author of the publication in Fenno's paper, which was the *pretext* of the quarrel; and because the reason grounded on the *pretended insult* given by Ross to Young Rush was too palpably absurd to impose on the most ignorant person in the city.

In whatever point of view we contemplate this affair, to whichever motive we ascribe the conduct of Rush and his Son and their assistants, the treatment of Dr. Ross, from the beginning to the end, was the most vindictive, the most base, the most foul and dastardly act, that ever was committed in the face of day. But, in considering, separately, the parts acted by this group of *philanthropists*

philanthropists and *heroes*, we must certainly award the palm to Rush. The rude and brutal libeller might, for aught we know, have blushed, after he was informed, that the object of his infamous calumny was innocent of the offence for which he had assailed him;* the "*nice-feeling, generous*" son might, *possibly*, have felt something like remorse, when he saw the blood running down the forehead of a defenceless old man, approaching to three score; but, be this as it may, the "benevolent" Rush, the "*Hipocrates* of Pennsylvania," the "*patient Martyr*," the *saving angel*," remained unmoved, unsatisfied by the vengeance inflicted by the libeller and the ruffian. His piety, his Christian meekness, did, indeed, prevent him from exposing his "fellow creature" to the chance of death in a duel, but it did not restrain him from sending a filthy wretch to drag him through the streets as a prisoner; it did not restrain

* I observed before, that this most base and wicked publication appeared in the news paper of Rush's intimate friend *Bradford*; but, in order to give the *foreign* reader some idea of this intimate friend, I must add a word or two here. *Bradford* is the identical printer and book-seller of whom honourable mention is made in my life and adventures; but, in what regarded the libel against Doctor Ross, I must do him the justice to acknowledge that he had a *partner* worthy of sharing with him. This partner in his paper was one *Lloyd*, a man just arrived in America, after a three years confinement *in Newgate*. Let it be remembered also, that the person whom Lloyd and Bradford employed as editor to their paper, tenanted, but a few months before, the *jail of Calcutta*.---Such were the proprietors and conductors of the press, which constantly extolled the character and practice of Rush, and as constantly poured forth libels on his opponents.

restrain him from exulting at the indignities heaped upon Ross; it did not restrain him from appearing at the mayor's office to enjoy the pleasure of seeing this old and reputable gentleman, compelled to appear as a criminal to bare his head before a doughty magistrate, and expose his grey locks, yet clotted with the blood drawn by the bludgeon of the Rushite; from these indulgences he was restrained neither by his *benevolence*, his *christian charity*, nor his *philanthropick tenderness!*

"*But*," says the *English* reader, "did not "the people of Philadelphia hoot this fellow from "their city? or, at least, did not his conduct ex- "cite universal indignation and abhorrence?"— Oh, dear, no! Quite the contrary, John Bull! The Pennsylvanians have a sort of morality, which you do not yet understand, and which I pray God you never may. A full Account of this vile transaction, of this excess of beggarly insolence and dastardly cruelty, was published in *my paper* and in that of *Mr. Fenno;* but, Doctor Ross was well known to be a Briton by birth and a *Royalist* in politicks, and, therefore, had young Rush chopped off his head, and presented it to his father in a charger, I do verily believe, that, amongst all the hundreds and hundreds of American newspapers, not a *third* would have been found to express a disapprobation of the deed.*

FEW

* IN fact, this attack on poor old Ross, seems to have drawn the merits of the Rushes from obscurity; for the President

FEW readers will, I trust, wish for any further information relative to the character of Rush and his son; but it seems to be no more than just to compare the preceding facts with the eulogium of pleader Hopkinson. " I do believe from my soul," said the bombastical ballad-monger, " that " Doctor Rush is amongst the most *unoffending* " and *benevolent* of mankind."—Again: " he " has sons of *nice-feeling* and *generous* sensibility." —And again: " Manlier passions swell, agitate " and enflame the breasts of his sons.—They " *burn*, they *burst with indignation*, rage, and " woe. *With difficulty* the prudential advice, " the parental command of the father restrain " their fury—With difficulty they are prevented " from taking immediate vengeance on their " cruel oppressor—" *Be patient my children, said* " *he, I am deeply injured, but the laws of my* " *country offer me justice, and point out the road* " *to redress. It is tardy, but it is certain and* " *ample. Delay may be painful to you, but the* " *duties of a good citizen require it.*" This suit " then Gentlemen, and the hope of the justice " that *you* will administer, may have been *the* " guardian angels of the defendant."

THUS, as I before observed, Hopkinson not only extolled the lamb-like gentleness of Doctor Rush

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President, very soon afterwards, appointed the father *Treasurer of the Mint*, and the son *a Surgeon in the Navy!*---*Vivat Respublica!!!* as the play-actors say at the bottom of their bills.

Rush, but insisted, that it was his " *prudential* " *advice*," his " *parental command*," that restrained his *manly* sons from taking " immediate ven- " geance," on me, " their cruel oppressor," But, my dear little Hail-Columbia, do pray tell me, if Rush's prudential advice and parental command restrained his burning, bursting, raging, revenging, driving, desperate sons from attacking me, how came it to pass, that the same advice and command could not restrain them from attacking Doctor Ross? That Ross had offended them more than I had, you will not, certainly, pretend; for, let it be remembered, that the attack on Ross was made after the suit was commenced against me. Besides, I re-published the very article for which the Rushes quarrelled with Ross; they were more *sure*, therefore, that I was " guilty," as they called it, while, with respect to the author, they proceeded merely upon *suspicion*. Tell me, then I say, thou " *nice*-feeling" husband of a *nice*-begotten spouse, why these burning, bursting, desperate sons did not come to attack me? Tell me how it happened, that they came to be so very obedient to the parental command in one instance and so totally regardless of it in another? Tell me how the arm of the " generous" John Rush was withheld from *a stout man of thirty years of age*, while nothing could withold it from *a tottering old man of three score?* Do you say that the father's authority was not exerted in the latter instance? then I ask, *why* was it not? Do you say that old Rush was not acquainted with the intended

intended assault of his son? then, I tell you to read his last letter to Doctor Ross, where you will see, that, if he denies being the *instigator* of his son, he does not deny a knowledge of his intention: and you will also see, that, he, in no very unequivocal terms, *justifies* his son's brutal and dastardly conduct. But, will you say, after all, that the parental command was not exerted, or was ineffectual, because Ross had called the son an "*impertinent puppy*," which I had not done? This would be very bad ground for you to take; it would place your little skeleton in a very aukward position; for, if the pious father was, as he pretended to be, "*principled* against duelling," he ought, in one case as well as another, to have prevented his from exposing himself to "the chance of committing murder:" on the other hand, if he exerted his authority without effect, what becomes of the "*nice-feeling* and *generous sensibility*" of the affectionate and dutiful son, who could be prevented from chastising a person that called his father *a quack*, an *empirick*, and a *puffer*, while not even the powerful "paren-" "tal command" could restrain him from challenging and assaulting another, who had only called himself an "*impertinent puppy*?"

STILL, amidst all this hypothesis, there may remain some little doubt, and therefore, I shall close the subject with the relation of a fact which will admit of none. On the day that Doctor Ross was assaulted, I published a short account of the matter. Owing to the hasty manner

manner in which I received my information, this account was not perfectly correct, but it did not deviate from the truth in any essential point. John Rush, however, in a statement which he published the next day, thought proper to give the world a specimen of his *high breeding* "*nice* "*feeling* and *generous sensibility*," by concluding an address to me in the following words:—"I "must stigmatize you a *liar* and a perverting "*rascal*. You call yourself an Englishman. "Englishmen are brave, but you are a *coward*." —This language the reader will allow, was rather harsh, considering that it came from the son of the meek Doctor Rush, and, considering too, that he had made use of it *after* his father had, as Hopkinson told the jury, desired him and commanded him to be *patient* and wait quietly, like a good citizen, for the due operation of the law. People said that *Jack*, though a vessel of the third generation, still smelt strongly of the old *dram-shop* in Second Street.

UNWILLING to be thought inferior to the "nice-feeling" youth, in politeness, and more unwilling to be thought afraid of his *bludgeon*, I repaid him in his own coin, and with interest, by publishing his address, and subjoining to it the following remark—"N. B. I affirm this "John Rush to be an *impertinent puppy*, a *way-* "*laying coward*, a *liar*, and *a rascal*."—The inapposite, far-fetched, hypocritical, cringing compliment to *Englishmen* I did not return; probably because I had, just at that time, *no sister*

upon

*upon the point of being married to an American.**

Now, it will most assuredly be allowed, that *way-laying coward*, *liar* and *rascal* are appellations full as provoking as that of *impertinent puppy;* but in order to put to the test the sincerity of the plea for attacking Ross, I inserted the very appellation, for which it was pretended he was attacked; yet *I* was never assaulted; no Doctor Bullus came to pester *me* with demands and challenges! Young Rush, in justification of his ruffian-like assault on Doctor Ross, told the

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* The wise Doctor Rush, in his eulogium on Rittenhouse, very sagaciously observes, that "*Man* is made for a Republick, and a Republick is made for *Man*." Whether the Doctor meant this as a *Dogma* or a *Conundrum* is not quite certain; but, however necessary he may think republicanism to the existence of *Man*, it is pretty clear he does not believe in any such necessity with respect to *Woman*; for he has married one of his daughters to a very loyal subject of His Majesty, an inhabitant of the Royal Province of Canada. Of the same sentiment appears to be that clamorous republican, *M'Kean*, who, though continually bawling against *Monarchy* and *Aristocracy*, has married his eldest daughter to the Spanish Embassador, who is, of course, a subject to a King, and bears, besides, the title of a *nobleman*.-- The truth is, reader, all these men's abhorrence of Royalty, and its appendages is sheer dissimulation. Whimsical, perverse and foolish as they may be in other respects, in their professions on this subject they have too much sense to be sincere. Their edging in "*honourable*" and "*esquire*" with their ignoble names, wherever they think it will be tolerated, proves to you, that men are now what they were in the days of Æsop, and admonishes you, that whenever you hear a *citizen* expressing his *contempt for titles*, you should look upon him as only speaking a parody on the poor Fox's soliloquy to the grapes.

the public that though his father was inclined to wait, with patience, the decision of a jury, *he*, for his part, was not. " I have *not*," said the burning, bursting blade, " been able to reduce " *my* feelings to the same degree of composure." —Wonderfully strange feelings! They were one day, rouzed to brutal violence, at the appellation of *impertinent puppy*, and the next, they remained totally unaffected by *the very same appellation*, with the aggravating addition of *coward*, *liar*, and *rascal!* With men of *common* feelings, however iracible their tempers, age and infirmity are always looked upon as a protection from personal vengeance: to men of *common* sensibility, for injuries received from the old and infirm, the law offers the only means of obtaining redress. But, the Rushes proceed upon maxims diametrically the opposite of these, Their " *nice* feeling and *generous* sensibility" teach them to go to war with the old, and to law with the young; to attack weakness with a bludgeon, and strength with a writ!

After detailing these well established facts, it would be superfluous to add the scores of others of nearly the same sort, which might be produced. No man of integrity and common-sense can want further proofs, and as I write for the satisfaction of neither knaves nor fools, I shall now take my leave of the Doctor as a *moralist*, and consider him under the character of a *politician*, a *philosopher*, and a *physician*.

" AND why will you," exclaims the reader, " teaze me with so frivolous and despicable a " subject!"—I acknowledge the justice of the reproof; but I beg leave to observe, that the undertaking is not a voluntary act. It has, like Rush's *birth and moral character*, been forced on me by the printed report of the trial, and, therefore, whatever honour he may derive from the examination, must be attributed to the super-abundant zeal of his own advocates; or, rather, perhaps, to his discretion, in having engaged them on a *conditional fee*.

THESE impassioned pleaders, who seem to have thought that they heard the sweet chinking of the English guineas at the close of every period, not content with representing their client as " *immaculate*," as the most " *tender*, the most " *meek*, the most *unoffending*, and the most " *benevolent* of mankind," could not refrain from added to their vocabulary of superlatives, the most " *patriotick*" and most " *learned*." They desired the enlighted jury to observe well, that Doctor Rush was a " *saving angel*" and a " *re-* " *publican*;" while the defendant was a " *demon*," a " *royalist*," and (still rising in the climax) a " *British* " *subject*."—" My client," said Hopkinson, " *has* " *often drawn his pen in the service of his country.* " His fame has spread as extensively as our com- " merce. *He has added a fresh and blooming* " *laurel to the head of American genius.* He " has *done much to rescue the American name* " *from*

" *from that obloquy and contempt*, which some of " the proud Philosophers of Europe would cast " upon us, ranking us as inferior to themselves " in the order of beings."

THIS was rare sport, as far as it went; but, I marvel much, that the zealous Hopkinson, who is himself an author both in prose and verse, did not enlarge, did not go into some detail, on so charming a subject. I am surprised that he did not tell the jury *what* services Rush's pen had rendered their country; that he did not explain to them *how* this great man had rescued the American name from obloquy and contempt; that he did not, delight their eyes as well as their ears, by *showing them some of the sprigs* of the fresh and blooming laurel. So industrious an advocate ought, methinks, to have recollected the instantaneous effect which Mark Anthony produced on the sovereign people of Rome by the judicious display of a piece of rusty parchment; and though poor Pennsylvania bears none but *bastard* laurel,* the " *nice-feeling*" Hopkinson might easily have come into court with a bunch of THAT *under his arm.* It might not, indeed have been very *fresh* or very *blooming;* but, I dare say, the group would have ogled it with singular delight.

THIS

* THE *Laurus nobilis* will not grow in Pennsylvania. The sort found there is that which Botanists call the *Kalmia*, or *Dwarf Laurel;* and, because it *comes by chance*, and is never cultivated and regularly planted, the vulgar call it the *bastard* laurel. The buds and berries that it bears are poisonous.

THIS omission on the part of Hopkinson astonishes me the more, when I consider that he might have entered into particulars with so little trouble to himself, and so much advantage to his ingenious and learned client. He had nothing to do but to open the Doctor's works, and go on from subject to subject, comparing his theory with his practice, and expatiating at every close, on his profundity and consistency. Beginning with the *Politician*, he might have shown from Rush's eulogium on the President of the Democratic Society, that he insisted on a republic's being the only government fit for a human being to live under, and he might then have observed, as a proof of the eulogist's sincerity, that he, in a year or two after, married his daughter to a *subject*, and sent her to live under the government of a King. Further he might have shown, from the same work, that his client professed the most ardent love for personal independence, and might have given another striking proof of his sincerity, by remarking, that he, immediately afterwards, solicited and obtained a fat post for himself and another for his son the " generous" bludgeonist. From Rush's account of the Yellow Fever of 1793 (written before he got into place), Hopkinson might have exhibited to the jury a great number of proofs, that the Doctor was not an admirer of revolutions in medicine only, and that so full was he of the politicks of Tom Paine, he could not resist the temptation to hail the approach of the auspicious day, when " the *general* " *use*, of *calomel*, *jalap*, and the *launcet*" (merciful

ful God!), " shall be considered among the most " essential articles of the knowledge, and *rights* " *of Man*"!!!—If the jury had felt (which, however, there was little fear of) any qualms of conscience at the tremendous prediction, the sagacious pleader might, like Timotheus of old, have changed both this subject and his tone, and returning to the Doctor's mazy dance of politicks, he might have followed him from the Blue-stocking and Yellow-wigs to the Constitutionalists, from them to the Republicans, from the Republicans to the Jacobins, and from the Jacobins to the Federalists, amongst whom Mr. Adams has discovered the art of keeping him steady, by giving him, his family and relations an ample share of the Loaves and Fishes.*

PROCEEDING to the *Philosopher*, it was pepeculiarly incumbent upon Hopkinson to show *how* the Doctor had " added a fresh and bloom-" ing laurel to the head of American genius," and

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* *John Rush*, the " nice-feeling, generous" gentleman, who committed the base assault on poor old Doctor Ross, was appointed a *Surgeon* in the frigate UNITED STATES; but behold! before he had been many months a *surgeon*, he was appointed a *Lieutenant* of the said frigate !!! Like his father, he appears to be a man of universal genius. He first studied *medicin* , then the *law*, then medicine again; then, became a *surgeon*, and, taking a fancy to the uniform of a lieutenant, he became a lieutenant. It's a mercy he did not fall in love with the post of Commodore!—As it is, however, a few lucky shots from the enemy might put the best vessel and the most numerous crew, belonging to this country under his command! " *Vivat Respublica!*"

and *what* he had done " to rescue the Ameri-
" can name from the obloquy and contempt,
" cast upon it by the proud Philosophers of Eu-
" rope." A very few leaves of this laurel would have sufficed; but he certainly might have shown some of it. He might have reminded the wise jury, that Doctor Rush once read Chemical Lectures to young ladies in the Philadelphia *Female Academy**. These pretty Girls were told by the learned philosopher

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* THIS Academy was, a few years ago, in great vogue, but is now alas! *no more*.—It was founded on principles somewhat similar to those of *Mary Wolstoncraft* and *John Walker*, and was intended as a seminary where the republican fair might obtain the rudiments, at least, of the *Rights of Woman*. That all might be of a piece, the principal master was an old Irish slodier, who " left" His Majesty's 47th regiment at the battle of Lexington and Concord. His name was *Brown*. He afterwards published a paper, by the assistance of Rush, and, as a grateful return for that assistance, his miserable sheet was always at the Doctor's command. To say that this fellow *deserted* would be " too *harsh*," as Mr. Harper says. He felt a call to quit the ranks of a " *tyrant*" (as the King is called in the *Declaration of Independence*), in order to join the standard of *Liberty*; and, though there was an *oath* in his way, he nobly surmounted the obstacle.

HAVING had occasion to mention this man, it would be a culpable neglect in me not to say something more of his history, which certainly furnishes one of the most awful lessons ever held out to mankind.—*Brown* was a private soldier at the time of his " *leaving*" the 47th regiment; he rose rapidly in the American army, and was, at the time when Genl. Burgoyne was captured, (see ANBURY, vol. 2. p. 205.) a Major and Commissary of provisions. After the war was over, he kept the Female Academy of Philadelphia; he next established a news-paper, which, for profit, was thought to be the first in the United States. He used to boast of clearing *sixteen thousand dollars* a year, and, though this was a shameful

philosopher, that the longevity of the antideluvians was entirely owing to their breathing dephlogisticated air; for, that, before the deluge, there were none of those noxious vapours, which, in this our day, arise from stagnate waters!

In Rush's Treatise on education, Hopkinson might have found two fundamental principles: 1st, *that true learning depends upon a total ignorance of the learned languages*, the study of which not only waste the time at a precious period of life, but, by giving antient notions, preclude the posssbility of instilling modern ideas into youthful minds.* 2nd, that children should have sharp knives

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a shameful exaggeration, it is certain that he lived in great splendour, kept his chariot and pair and his country seat. His prosperity seemed not only to be complete, but to have received the stamp of duration; when, lo! in one fatal hour, a *fire*, kindled by a spark in his office, bereft him of the wife he had married, and of all the children that had been born to him, after his leaving the service of his King. He himself, who had not many hours before returned from a joyous concert, was not, indeed, burnt instantly to death; but he expired at the end of two days, during which time his excrutiating torments suffered him to retain just enough of his senses to learn, that, of all his children, the only one left to inherit his wealth, was *a son*, whom he had by a former wife, in Ireland, and *whom he had disowned and driven from his door!*

Who can view the progress and the lamentable catastrophe of Brown, without thinking on the words of Holy Writ?—"I have seen the wicked in great power, and "spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed "away, and, lo, he was not: yea I sought him but he could "not be found."

* Rush despises a knowledge of the learned languages for much about the same reason that an ugly old hag despises beauty.

knives, chizels, hatchets, shears and every sort of edge-tool, to *play* with; because, clipping a nose, or chopping off a finger, is a trifling accident in comparison with the advantage to be derived from an early knowledge of the use of these instruments. If the Doctor had written his Treatise at a later period, he certainly would not have omitted the *Guillotine*, of which useful revolutionary instrument there is an excellent model kept, for the instruction of the citizens, in the Philadelphia Museum!!

THERE was one leaf of the Doctor's philosophical laurel, which his eulogist should, on no account have forgotten: I allude to his learned Treatise on the colours of the skin. In this Treatise, which is to be found in the 4th and last volume of the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society (of which Rush is a very worthy member), he endeavours to, and thinks he does, prove, that the colour of the Negroes proceeds solely from the *Leprosy*, and that, when the race shall be *purged* of that disease, they will all turn white!!!

AFTER having produced these specimens of the fresh and blooming laurel, these convincing proofs of Rush's successful efforts, as a philosopher, *to rescue the American name from* CONTEMPT, Hopkinson might have given the Jury a sketch of his patriotick endeavours in the character of a *physician*. He might have quoted a book, written by Doctor Rush, long ago, in answer to the famed

famed Cadogan's Treatise on the Gout, wherein the Pennsylvanian "*Hippocrates*" recommends *hot suppers and good living at night*, for this wise reason; that nature has a deal of business during the day, in supplying muscular motion and the operations of the mind, and, of course, cannot attend to digestion, which is best performed in sleep, when she has nothing else to do!

He might have produced the Doctor's Essay on Consumptions, where he says, that going to sea was good for that disease, only when the patient should be obliged to live as sailors before the mast do, and be *frequently exposed* to *cold*, to *wet*, to *hard labour*, to *course diet* and *rough usage*: that, going into the country for the salubrity of the air, was, in such complaints, absurd, unless the patient were made to *work at the plough*, to *be out in all weather*, and to *return home after night*; and that, when a man is so weak that he cannot sit upon a horse, it is a strong indication that *he ought to ride!!*

He might have had the evidence of several medical gentlemen in Philadelphia, that Doctor Rush recommends bleeding in the *Dropsy* and in the *Ague*, because in these there are inflammatory symptoms!!!—And, if any one of the Jury had had the audacity to observe, that this was like brandy deing a predominant ingredient in pure water, or fire being concealed in ice, Rush might have sued him for damages.

Hopkinson might have appealed to the Managers

agers of the Pennsylvania Hospital (one of whom the *sleek-headed Coats*, was, indeed, all the time at his elbow), and these gentlemen could have told the Jury, that Doctor Rush, the modern "Hippocrates," caused a thing like a Gallows, with a rope suspended from it, to be erected in their yard, for the purpose of curing insanity by *swinging:* that, the poor patients, on viewing this well-known engine, with its ominous pendant, thought they were brought out to be hanged, and that, after the first operation, they imagined they had a temporary reprieve, but were, the next time, to be tucked up in earnest!!!!

But, of all the sins of omission of which mortal man was ever guilty, Hopkinson's neglecting to detail, and expatiate on, the Doctor's system of *Depletion*, was certainly the most heinous and most unpardonable. What makes this conduct the more preposterous, is, Rush's lawyers, and the Judge, made it a great crime in me, *not to have examined the system!* Please heaven, they shall not have to charge me with the like omission this time; for if I leave unexposed any one of its absurdities; if I leave unrelated one anecdote in the history of blood, it shall be for want of knowledge or of memory, and not for want of inclination.

[To be continued.]

THIS

RUSHITE FRANKNESS AND GRATITUDE, EXEMPLIFIED IN THE CONDUCT OF DOCTOR MEASE, THE PUPIL, THE FRIEND, AND ONE OF THE WITNESSES OF RUSH.

" Read this, my young blade, and then to dinner
" With what stomach you may."

THIS *Doctor Mease* was one of those men who volunteered in the glorious service of retailing to a court and jury certain words, which, in a tête à tête conversation, he heard me utter respecting my resolution to punish Rush for his insolent appeal to the law against Mr. Fenn and me. My counseller, Mr. *Harper*, who seemed anxious to find something to commend in every one, who gave satisfactory proofs of being my enemy, was kind enough to observe, that the three Witnesses (Mease amongst the rest) were " *gentlemen of great respectability* FOR " THEIR AGE." What he meant by tacking on the phrase, " *for their age*," I cannot think. Did he mean, that they were rendered respectable by their *grey locks*, or that considering their *beard-less chins*, they were very respectable fellows? Either meaning was equally nonsensical, for they were all three about *thirty* years of age; so that " *for their age*," was an unmeaning expletive clapped in to ward off the charge of having bestowed on these volunteer heroes his *unqualified* approbation.

BUT

BUT, however, respectable Mease might be for his *age*, I am persuaded, that, after the relation of the following anecdote, he will be more respectable for his *frankness* and *gratitude*.

MEASE was, in the Yellow Fever of 1797, Physician of the port of Philadelphia; it was his business to inspect all entering vessels, and if they had sick on board, or came from certain places, it was his duty to make them perform a quarantine opposite the fort. That he was extremely fit for this post every one must allow, who considers, that he believed, with his famed preceptor, that the Yellow Fever was generated in the *air*, and that it could not, in any case whatever be *imported*. And who can enough admire the submissiveness of the poor sovereign people, who, without daring to remonstrate, suffered their health and their lives to remain at the mercy of such a man!

THE "respectable" Mease, to whom the governor, Mifflin, had given the post as so m[illegible] of the public money, which he was obliged [illegible] bestow on some one else than himself, acted [illegible] might be expected. Very few vessels were stopped; and the board of health having forced Mifflin to issue a proclamation forbidding the entrance of certain vessels into the ports of Pennsylvania, Mease suffered them to go by the fort, by which they are enabled to get up to Burlington in New Jersey. The Mayor of Burlington complained of it to Mifflin, who answered his

letter

letter in expressions of regret at the conduct of Mease, which conduct he called "*highly irregular.*" That this epithet was far too mild to be applied to an act of disobedience, so audacious in itself and so dangerous in its consequences, every one must perceive. Indeed, the poor sovereign people of Philadelphia, though they dared not speak out, did, in this instance, grumble most bitterly; and some of them had even the courage to declare (in a *whisper*), that the insolent Rushite ought to be turned out of his place, in which opinion the reader will, I think, perfectly agree with them.

So thought not however the pupil of Rush. A man who had learned to bleed and purge under the Pennsylvanian "Hippocrates," was not, though in terms the most gentle, to be censured with impunity. But, the young man was, for some time, at a loss for a *mode* in which to obtain vengeance. Mifflin though sunk to the lowest ebb, had yet spirit enough left to beat forty Rushites together; and he had, besides, the power of reducing Mease's revenue from about 900 dollars a year to *nothing*. Duly impressed with these circumstances, and wisely resolving still to go to bed with a full belly and whole bones, this "gentleman respectable *for his age*," fell upon a way of giving poor Mifflin a stab, without letting him see the base and perfidious hand by which it was given; in pursuance of this his intention, he sent me the following note, and paragraph, which I now copy from his own hand writing.

"Dear

" Dear Sir,

" If you do not think *the inclosed paragraph* proper to " come out in *your name*, (in which I have taken the liber- " to to write it, and which I hope you will excuse,) *do not* " *insert it*, but otherwise I would thank you to publish it.

" Your friend,

" Mr. Wm. Cobbett." " James Mease."

" *Sept.* 20."

[Paragraph.]

" Peter Porcupine has this day published Dr. Mease's " letter to the Mayor of Burlington,* explaining the prin- " ciples upon which he acted in permitting certain vessels " *bound to* Burlington" [a wretched lie!], " to pass his " station without performing quarantine; and, in *Porcu-* " *pine's opinion*" [oh! you impudent, lying dog!] " is fully " satisfactory. As an officer of Pennsylvania, Dr. Mease " would have acted in a very arbitrary manner had he " done otherwise." [What Cat's paw, what a quibbling, what a villainous miscreant this fellow wished to make of me!] " The Governor says Doctor Mease's conduct was " *highly irregular*," and that he will sanction no act that " may injure the feelings of the citizens of Burlington; but " this *we all know* is mere stuff, for that he" [the very man who had given him his place!] " does not care a cent " for their feelings *provided his own depraved sensations* " *are gratified by the brandy-bottle!*—The more the Go- " nor's principles are developed, the more it is discove- " that he is a rank Aristocrat, under the cloak of a Dem- " crat. Hence he wishes to make his " Proclamation " extend to Jersey; tho' the law" [a subterfuge worthy of a Rushite], " it appears, which authorizes him to issue this " proclamation, says it shall not. When in the drunk- " en frolicks with the *rabble* [This fellow was a declared Democrat!], " in 1794, in which the governor presided" [and where Mease was one of the " *rabble*" !], " to celebrate " *the murders and assassinations of the cut-throat French*, " he drank " laws and no proclamations:" but here we see " he wishes proclamations to go beyond laws."

If

* This letter, a very humble though a very shuffling excuse for his conduct, appeared in all the papers.

IF any thing more than this be wanted, I am ready to prove upon the oaths of myself and my clerk, that Mr. Harper's "gentleman of respecta- "bility for his age" came afterwards to me in person, requested me to publish the above paragraph, and told me that he wished to keep his own name out of sight, *because people knew he was under great obligations to Mifflin!!!*

"Never pray more, abandon all remorse,
"For nothing cans't thou to damnation add
"Greater than that!"

SUCH, reader, is the *pupil* of Rush; such is the man whose *principles* Rush extols, of whose *friendship* he boasts, and of whose perfidious aid he avails himself, in order to oppress his opponents, and awe them into silence! It is not, I trust, necessary for me to say, that I refused to publish the paragraph, and become the instrument of the mean and assassin-like vengeance of this ungrateful wretch; neither is it necessary for me to say how much he hated me for the [redacted]sal, nor what were his motives for volunteering in that act of abominable baseness, which has conjured up this blasting tale from oblivion.

WERE not Mease a thorough-paced Rushite, he would, upon the sight of this pamphlet, go out, saddle his ass, and follow the example of Ahitophel; but, he knows that he is still as good as his brethren; he knows that there will not be a man less to take him by the hand, that he shall still be embraced by Rush, and, if occasion serve, still eulogized by Harper. Should the young man, however, contrary to my expectation, have one grain of grace left, I have two servant girls (not *blacks*), either of whom has a pair of garters at his service.

[END OF NO. I.—15th FEB. 1800.]